

THE EARTH AND MAN.

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west,
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's
breast.
So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her
frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and
fled
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.
So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy,
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.
—Philadelphia Record.

A Western Girl's Story.

"Afraid!" cried out I with a laugh.
"Why on earth should I be afraid?"
And I suppose my face must have
mirrored forth the careless indepen-
dence of my spirit, for my brother's
rugged countenance brightened up as
I spoke.

We lived alone upon a solitary road,
miles away from any human dwelling
place, in one of those antique, pic-
turesque farm-houses which look so
picturesque to an artist's eye in the
summer time and so indescribably de-
solate when November gales are howl-
ing around the chimney tops or win-
ter snows are heaping up their feath-
ery pearl upon the door-stone. We
—that is, the old bed-ridden aunt, my
brother Robert and myself. As for
a servant girl, dear me, when I become
rheumatic or lost the use of my limbs
I might need one, not before.

"Well mind you don't let anyone in,
unless it is a neighbor," said Bob, but-
toning up his shaggy overcoat and
lowering his voice so that Aunt Jemi-
ma should not hear his words, for
Aunt Jemima was apt to be seized
with fits of nervous apprehension at
the most inconvenient times. "Because,
you know, there are only two women
of you, and—"

"Go along with yourself, Bob, and
don't talk nonsense," said I, with an
air of dignity. "As if I wasn't quite
able to take care of myself without
your advice. Nobody has been here in
a week, and I don't think the rush is
going to begin to-night."

"The loaded revolver is on the top
shelf next to the bag of hops and the
paper of dried catnip," added Bob.
"And the big stick—"

"I'll take the big stick to you, if
you don't clear out," cried I, merrily,
and so Bob mounted old Nanny and
trotted away.

We had just received a hundred dol-
lars from the railroad people for the
year's wood which Bob had cut and
hailed to the junction—a hundred
dollars, all in nice, clean, crackling
tens—and Bob and I and Aunt Jemi-
ma all agreed—once entirely unani-
mous—that so much money ought not
to remain over night in the house.

"Suppose there should be a fire?"
said I.

"Suppose a gang of masked burglars
should break in?" suggested Aunt
Jemima, who had been reading the pa-
pers.

"Suppose the rats and mice should
gnaw their way into the old hair
trunk?" said Bob.

So Bob was taking the hundred dol-
lars to the Ottumwa Bank, twenty
miles away, over a rough and uneven
bridge road. And I and Aunt Jemima
were left all alone.

"Dear me," said Aunt Jemima,
"that's twice my needle's dropped, and
stuck in the floor. We're going to
have company!"

"I hope not," said I, "with nothing
in the house but corn-bread and pork,
and dried apple-sauce."

"And there's a winding sheet in the
candle," gloomily added Aunt Jemima,
who was addicted to harmless little
superstitions. "Somebody's going to
die."

"I think it's extremely likely," I ob-
served, with philosophy.

"I've had a creepy feeling down my
back all day," said Aunt Jemima, "just
as if some one was measuring me for
my shroud! Are you sure the doors
are all bolted Gertrude?"

"Quite certain, aunt. I bolted them
myself."

"And naps over all the windows?"

"Every one of them. Come now,
aunt, dear, let me fix your hot drink,
and tie on your nightgown nicely. We're
just as safe as if there was a hollow
square of soldiery all around us."

But in spite of my reassurance, Aunt
Jemima persisted in going to sleep
with a flat-iron and two poker under
her pillow.

And then, mercy on me, how she did
snore, to be sure.

I sat before the fire until past nine
o'clock, finishing a pair of gray mixed
stockings that I was knitting for Bob.
And then, rising with a yawn, I looked
out of the windows. It was raining, and—

Merciful heaven! I started back with
a low cry, as I saw a white, wild face
pressed suddenly against the outer
side of the pane—a face made paler
still by the contrast of a heavy black
mustache, and hair the most raven jet
I ever saw.

My first impulse was to run and hide,
my second to face the matter out.

"What do you want?" I asked, open-
ing the window a little way. "Who
are you?"

"I am a belated traveler. I need
food—rest—rags to bind up my hurt
foot. See?" And then I saw that one
of his feet was bleeding.

I hesitated an instant. He perceived
my doubt.

"You are afraid to let the vagrant
in," he said, bitterly. "Well, I don't
wonder much. But there's no danger.
Let me in, as you have a dear father
or brother of your own. Give me but
a crust of bread, a drink of milk. I
will go on my way with the earliest
dawn of morning."

My decision was taken at once. His
pale face, his blood-stained foot, his
pleading voice, so unlike the profes-
sional whine of the regular mendicant,
all appealed to my womanly pity.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

NEWS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

Two Novel Wraps—The Craze for Spangles—Exercise Just Before Retiring—Butterflies on Millinery, etc.

One of the most novel wraps seen is a short coat made entirely of astrakhan, with an embroidered applique design in ruby velvet around the collar and down the front. There is an ornamental clasp across the bust of two jeweled buttons.

Another striking wrap is a long coat of French gray cloth trimmed with long black chenille fringe. The yoke is covered with a network of chenille, from which the fringe falls nearly to the knee.

The Craze for Spangles.

The spangle craze is still with us. And the latest spangled dresses are wonderful to behold. They are not only a mass of glistening spangles, which fit the figure like a coat of mail, but they are now seen with colored spangles forming different designs. For example, a black spangled gown will here and there show in place of the black ones—spangles in violet, pink or yellow—which are so wrought that they form large, striking butterflies.

Then there are other black spangled robes scattered with violets, worked in spangles or yellow butterflies or pink wild roses. Such a gown made up with a yoke and long sleeves of velvet matching in color the spangled design would be extremely effective.

Exercise Just Before Retiring.

On rising and before going to bed this exercise should be taken. Stand upright. Drop the hands at the sides. Throw the shoulders back. Inflate the lungs to their fullest capacity, by breathing slowly through the nostrils, not with the lips open. Then slowly exhale, repeating the vowels, one at a time, holding each as long as possible.

Then inhale and expel the air from the lungs with what is called expulsive breathing. The diaphragm must be used. A noted physician prescribes this breathing exercise for the most acute case of insomnia. He says that it takes the blood from the stimulated brain and sends it to other parts of the body, allowing the brain to become temporarily anaemic and to fall into the state called sleep.

Butterflies on Millinery.

Butterflies are worn on this season's new hats—enormous things, such as one would expect to find in some Broken scene. Created of some filmy gauze, painted surely by fairy fingers, these are justly one of the most fascinat- ing details of the hour. In Paris butterflies are a small craze; in the latest bijouterie the emblem is worked up exquisitely by the aid of those attractive allurements known only to the artistic members of the fraternity.

Eminently suited to this end is the beautiful enameling which we are once again learning to appreciate and value at its true worth. An enamelled butterfly buckle for the waist is a possession to be coveted. By this is meant the shape—the papillon—not the enamel, for that has come to stay, and will, of a certainty, be made much of in the jewelry world.

Society Women in Chili.

You seldom find a society woman in Santiago or Valparaiso who does not speak at least two languages, and most of them three. They are excessively formal with strangers, and are fastidiously about matters of etiquette and dress. You can tell the tastes of a people from their shop windows, which in Santiago are as lovely and alluring as those in Paris. They are full of the latest fashions and novelties from every country. In fact, it is the boast of the people that they can buy anything in Santiago that can be bought in Paris.

There are several department stores and arcades and portales filled with little shops for the sale of jewelry, millinery and fancy goods, which indicate the extravagance and the luxurious tastes of the population. No city of the size of Santiago, 250,000 inhabitants, either in the United States or Europe, has so many fine stores or can show a more elaborate display of the gilded side of life.

The shoppers are as fascinating as the shops. The fashionable hour for trading is in the morning after mass, and the ladies order the bills sent to papa. But the resentment of the stranger is always aroused by the crowds of well dressed young men who spend their mornings hanging around the entrance of the retail stores, staring at the ladies who come and go, and making rude comments upon their appearance.—Valparaiso Correspondence Chicago Record.

Tales of Queen Wilhelmina.

One of the prettiest features of the installation of Wilhelmina as Queen of the Netherlands was the releasing of 6,000 carrier pigeons to bear to every part of the Low Countries the message of joy to the Dutch people that their beloved young Queen had really come into her own—had taken her oath of fealty to them and received through their representative their own pledge of loyalty and devotion. In quaint little towns, where wind mills turned and where lazy looking sail boats drifted up and down canals, Dutch peasants watched for the white winged messenger, whose coming would announce the enthronement of the young girl Holland loves.

In her childhood she was allowed a play with other children in the streets, play with other children in the streets. Once, when she was about 10 years old, she was enjoying a sleigh ride with her mother, the Queen Regent, and came upon a large group of children, playing snowball. Wilhelmina asked permission to join the sport and the royal sleigh stood still for half an hour, "while the future sovereign of the Netherlands was boisterously hitting and being hit by nobody knows who." Her teachers were charged by her mother to treat her as they would any other school girl. The mother's purpose was to make Wilhelmina just what she is, a sweet, whole-

some, healthy, well educated Dutch woman.—The Presbyterian.

Powder, Patches and Jewels.

From Paris come the news that we are to return to the styles of the eighteenth century fashions of high degree. Lapel coats and long waistcoats, neckbands, delicate lace ruffles for neck and sleeves, stiff broccades, and even patches and powder, and three cornered hats, are propounded; and ladies with legacies and old jewels are un- earthing grandmothers' worn on a narrow piece of velvet across their fore- heads; scarfpins with chains and seals, and tiny miniatures set in pearls or diamonds. These are to be worn on the jabots or in black moire ribbon, which Fashion ordains is to be worn tied round the neck or under the chin.

Old boxes and jewel cases are being ransacked, bringing to light long-for- gotten treasures. Only they are put to a different use. For instance, heavy gold jointed bracelets are turned into clasps for opera and traveling cloaks, and very handsome they look against soft chiffon or furs. Lockets are allowed to dangle at the end of gold chains, and slender diamond necklaces, like those worn years and years ago, are much in vogue. More and more jewelry is worn. Certain luxurious dames fasten their robes de nuit with jeweled buttons, and jeweled safety pins take the place of buttons or hooks on peignoirs and old waists.

One of the latest novelties is a sort of velvet lace, which is extremely rich in its effect, and is used for the interior of a bodice, an undershirt, etc. It is in velvet just what is made in lawn and in Irish lace, a marvelous work, with open work points of silk, and brightened with gold and silver thread. Attempts in this style have been previously made, but had been abandoned because of the inferior work and materials employed. To-day the best quality of velvet is used, and the work executed with marvellous skill, thus producing a remarkably fine effect.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Wife of a Hero.

At the arrival of the Kansas troops, when the thousands of cheering, shout- ing, eager people were crowding near the coach of Brigadier General Funston and the officers of his regiment, and women held babies up to be kissed by the wife of the greatest American army hero of the day, tears gathered in her soft brown eyes as she said: "And to think that it is all for Fred—my own Fred—and all these people have come to see and hear him!"

While Mrs. Funston is so proud of Brigadier General Funston, it is the man, not his triumphs and glorious fame, that she loves best. Speaking of her courtship, she laughingly said: "Really, he tells me the hardest battle and the longest siege of his life were for my affections. How long? Well, I knew him just five weeks and was engaged to him two days before we were married, and two days after the wedding Fred had to leave for Manila. How well I remember those two days, and how I begged and implored Major General Merriam to let me go along with my husband. You know how rigidly unwavering the army regulations are. It was only by the rarest good fortune that permission was finally given me to sail two weeks later. Maj. General Merriam wanted to know my reasons for going then, and I told him I wanted to get acquainted with my husband, that was all. He thought the reason good enough to allow me to go."

Mrs. Funston has a number of gowns made at Manila, and while here she exhibited one to her friends. The dress consists of a loose fitting bodice and a skirt with a little round train, which, as Mrs. Funston jestingly remarked, reminded her "of a giant duck's tail." The skirt is ungored, and the train is only a narrow width, slightly longer, and somewhat rounded off. The material is of the sheerest, silkiest gauze like a woven mist of delicate color, yet it is surprisingly durable. This cloth is made of the fiber of the banana and pineapple plants, and is the only article of pure native skill. The American dressmaker would despair were she to make the befringed dress of the myr- iads of frounces which up to date fash- ions now decrees, of this material, for none of it is woven over twelve or fifteen inches in width. With such filmy material, the underdress is always very elaborate with the gayest colored embroideries, and the entire costume is made of the same material, in different qualities.—Denver Times.

Fashion Notes.

Four-button glove kid or castor gloves are the thing for street wear.

Word comes from Paris that side combs are no longer worn by up-to-date women.

An artistic toilet is of Bordeaux chev- it, combined in taffetas in stripes of white and harmonizing shades of purple.

Paule velvet painted in scattered bunches of violets is used for sepa- rate waists, and lace waists, too, are still in great demand.

The latest ribbon for sashes and hat decorations is a combination of moire and satin in crosswise blocks about three inches wide.

A novelty in furs is a high collar of sable made to fit the neck and finished with long ends of cream chiffon and lace, which fasten down at the waist line with two sable heads.

Ermine toques are really very daintily if trimmed with black tulle rosettes and a waving black algrette. A note of color ever so carefully chosen quite ruins the style of this especial hat.

A novelty in furs is a high collar of sable made to fit the neck and finished with long ends of cream chiffon and lace which fasten down at the waist with two sable heads.

Rangle bracelets are coming in again, only instead of gold dollars or silver dimes, as in the old days, they now jingle with tiny hearts, dogs, enamel clovers for good luck, and any other thing in miniature that one has a fancy for.

Pearl passementerie and white fringe are two of the prettiest materials used for trimming the delicate pink and blue gowns of crepe de chine. A pretty fringe that has the advantage of not catching in everything has the body made of a network of silk thread cross-

ed and the pointed edge, the fringe part, is made of short loops of the silk.

The English cloak dresses are but little decorated, an immense standing collar of seal skin, chinilla, otter, or other fur, with stole or fish-shaped ends, forming the sole finish. These attached, are very fashionable. No second dress is worn beneath these long garments, as, unlike former models, they have the fit and finish of a princess tailor gown.

SORCERY PROFITABLE IN FRANCE.

A Clever Gang's Way of Swindling the Credit- less Out of Thousands.

M. Cuvillier, Commissary of Police at Charenton, France, has arrested a gang of pretended sorcerers, who, in less than a twelvemonth, have relieved credulous inhabitants of this district of over \$20,000. The chief of the gang, Jean Sorino, known as "the brass man," was first arrested, and it was on his confession that M. Cuvillier was able to raid the sorcerer's headquarters. They were situated in a small detached house, fitted up as a witches' den. Besides the phantasmagorical decorations incumbent on such a locality, the floors and walls contained trap-doors and other devices of stage trickery likely to appeal to the imagination of be- lievers in occult sciences. Sorino's wife used to officiate as chief witch in these interesting surroundings.

Correspondence seized during the police raid revealed the methods whereby the victims were despoiled. For in- stance, a Madame de Maigen, widow of an officer of high rank, who was suf- fering from an incurable malady, ap- plied to Madame Sorino, and in the course of a few sensational seances parted with \$2,000. When Madame de Maigen came to follow the treatment that was to cure her, "Hebe" (Madame Sorino), after an impressive recep- tion, set her in a comfortable armchair facing a brightly decorated scene. Very soon two dazzling attired young women, Rosa and Paule, appeared. In- troduced as angels, they promised Madame de Maigen relief on earth and eternal life in Heaven. After these predictions they vanished. Then "Hebe" gave her patient opium pills that reduced her to a somnolent con- dition. As soon, however, as her eyes closed she was awakened with a start by a tremendous clanging of metal and electric detonations, and, looking up, saw in place of the angels the celestial physician who was to cure her of all her ills. The part of the apparition was efficiently played by M. Jean Sor- ino, clad in a gorgeous suit of shining brass armor surmounted by a magnifi- cently plumed helmet. "Young and beautiful person," he would say, "thou shalt be healed. But some of your fol- low-creatures who are poor suffer as you do. It is written that thou shalt contribute to relieve their woes. Give 1,000 francs to the lovely Hebe and thou shalt be healed." Madame de Maigen used to pay, and she was then given a third opium pill, which sent her to sleep. When she awoke the foolish woman believed she had been in Heaven, and was thus led to part with \$2,000.

There are other victims, whose names are withheld owing to their so- cial position, who should have known better than to be duped by such a vul- gar fraud. Meanwhile, the Brass Man, Hebe, Rosa and Paule are all in jail, and the police are unearthing further accomplices. The sorcerers, it has been discovered, had branches in Par- is, where similar swindles were perpe- trated, and it is stated that the vic- tims are not only choice in quality, but are considerable in number.

COSMOPOLITAN MANILA.

The People on Its Streets Are of Every Na- tion, with Chinese Predominating.

Robert Godkin, just from Manila recently said: "Aside from its purely physical aspects Manila is unlike any other place I have ever been in. The people on the streets are of every nation, but with Chinese predominat- ing. There are large numbers of pure blooded Chinese there, and the half- castes, Chinese and native of the island, are innumerable. Aginaldo himself is one, and the almond eye shows every- where. The Tagal race is no longer generally of the pure blood. The Chinese-Tagalog crossbreed is called a mestizo, while a Spanish-Tagalog half-caste is called a Filipino. These latter are inordinately proud of their Spanish ancestry, hold themselves aloof, and constitute the aristocracy of Manila. Japanese, Malays and repre- sentatives of other Eastern races are frequently met, while Caucasians are also occasionally to be seen, though in fewer numbers. Of course, when I was there, the American soldier, in brown uniform and campaign hat, was all over the shop, guards on every street and groups of them at every corner.

"The Escolta, the principal business street, of an afternoon is a lively and interesting place, with groups of sol- diers, Chinese coolies, and linen or duck clad officers passing to and fro. There used to be one old Filipino, who drove every day alone, who was really wonderful in his grandeur. Seated al- one, in the center of the seat of his victoria, he was always clad in a long frock coat, and wore a high hat, which must have been one of the first ever made. It was said to be the only one in, or that ever had been in Manila, and the old chap was inordinately proud of it."

"In the middle of the day the na- tives and acclimatized Caucasians go in for the sleota, and for two or three hours business is almost wholly sus- pended, but with our people it was dif- ferent. Unused to the ways of the place, they have not as yet shaken off the habits of a lifetime, and pay no attention to the heat of the day. As a consequence the streets are lively now at all hours, whereas formerly there was a space of time in the middle of the day when they were compara- tively deserted."

It is asserted that an automobile in France has travelled for six hours without stopping, over ordinary coun- try roads, at the rate of forty-six and one-third miles an hour.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

While the cotton mills of the South are prospering, those of the North are doing equally well.

A French genius has invented a contrivance for steering airships. His great-grandchildren may become rich from it. The airship itself should be here by that time.

Governor Stone of Pennsylvania is of the opinion, and expresses it frank- ly and openly, that every husband should lead to his wife the home- stead, she being queen of the home and entitled to it.

Philadelphia doctors have given their services free in inspecting school-children until the value of the work can be demonstrated and an ap- propriation be secured for its con- tinuance.

Aginaldo's mother says he is not fit to govern the Philippines. A fellow can't amount to much whose mother doesn't believe he could do wonders if he only had a chance.

Requirements for public-school teachers in Alabama are very simple. Applicants for third-grade certificates, which allow the holder to teach for two years, are obliged to be examined in arithmetic only through fractions, and in geography only through the primary grade.

The Shamrock cost between four and five hundred thousand dollars to build and the London Yachtsman now suggests, on the score of economy that the next challenger be shortened twenty feet and the cost reduced to \$50,000.

More than 25,000 persons were killed by wild animals and snakes in India during 1898. Nearly a thou- sand deaths were ascribed to tigers, and a large number to man-eating crocodiles. Lord Curzon has directed that special measures be taken to ex- terminate these particular pests.

The Board of Ordnance and Forti- fication of the War Department has decided that the utmost care shall be exercised in having tests carried on at the proving grounds so that the character of the projectiles, explo- sives and guns experimented with, and the results of the tests, will not be made public.

British strategy has consisted main- ly in coming on just as their oppo- nents desired. The succession of disasters, with the heavy losses even when an advantage has been gained, will not make the war, or the govern- ment responsible for bringing it on, highly popular in England. But, of course, there can be no question of the British determination to see the thing through at any cost.

One great reason for the popularity of the automobile is that it can be more readily managed by women than horse-drawn vehicles. Many women object to driving horses on account of their liability to shy or bolt. The automobile offers marked advantages in this respect, but no lady should try running an automobile until she thoroughly understands the mechanism.

There can be even too great gravity in contemplating entrance to the marriage state, as illustrated in the case of that citizen of St. Louis who the other day became so severely im- pressed with its possibilities that be- fore the arrival of what should have been the blissful hour he blew the top of his head off. His act is not justifiable by any train of philosophic or economic reasoning, although, in the words of an esteemed contem- porary, "marriage undoubtedly is a problem of gigantic dimensions, and it is sometimes entered upon without due reflection."

Kommerzienrath Loewe, a Berlin manufacturer, who recently returned home from attending the Commercial Congress held in connection with the National Export Exposition in Phil- adelphia, has expressed himself as greatly surprised at the development of electrical machinery in the United States. He says Americans are far in advance of the Germans in the employment of electricity as a power, and believes that the increased em- ployment of electricity in industrial enterprises is an absolute necessity if Germans are to hold their own in the world's markets.

The Italian army is now studying the advisability of introducing the automobile. It is considered that it could be used both for transporting ammunition from the rear to the firing line and for carrying the wounded to the nearest hospital. With com- paratively free roads a higher velocity can be maintained with a motor car- riage than with a horse. The roads in Italy are so perfect that experi- ments in this line should be very in- teresting.

The circulating-library scheme in connection with the public schools, which has been tried successfully in several cities, is about to be intro- duced in Pittsburgh. Its aim is to supplement the school work by di- recting the reading of the children along the lines of the studies in hand. Books suitable for each grade are chosen by a committee of the teachers, and from the selected list the books are sent from the public library to the school ordering them under the same conditions that are in force for general patrons. A valuable feature of the scheme is that it gives the teachers some supervision of the read- ing of the children, a matter too often neglected by parents, and will tend to cultivate in the children a love of good literature, while saving for them the time otherwise wasted in reading trash.

A remarkable town in many respects is Pelzer, in South Carolina. It is a profit-sharing community of about 7,000 inhabitants, built up around four cotton mills, which employ 3,000 persons. The corporation owning the mills owns the town also, and will sell no part of the land, leasing it to preferred persons for limited periods.

Captain John Smith is the head of the corporation, and consequently the presiding genius in the town. The town has no mayor, no council, no police, no courts, and no lawyers. Captain Smith is all that is necessary. Liquor may not be sold in the town, and there is no drunkenness. No newspaper is published. No one can be domiciled in the place until his record has been proved satisfactory. Children are employed in the mills, but at definite periods they are re- quired to leave their work and attend school. Pupils that show special ability are given more extended op- portunities for education, but in no case do they fail to learn their trade.

Dull indeed is that observer of him- self or fellows who has not discovered the mental stimulant that comes from good, appetizing food well served. If the idea could once be driven into the heart of every home-maker among wage earners, we should make long strides upward in our civilization. The dullness, the apathy, the indiffer- ence that is the worst enemy to be fought in a poor man's home, will be routed wherever the meal-time focuses the attention of the housekeeper, and how and what is served becomes im- portant to her. Indifference to food has a tendency to disintegrate the social life in the home. Fortunately it is no longer considered an unusual thing for a woman to express a preference for foods, nor to enjoy good living, and be able to discriminate as to kinds and qualities, nor to be rea- sonably exacting in its service.

In modern times it is those races which give most encouragement to athletics that are the most aggressive and progressive in the struggle for political and commercial supremacy. The character and disposition of the whole Teutonic race is influenced by the turnverins and the love of gym- nastics which those institutions in- culcate for physical development. The Anglo-Saxon owes as much of his success to the upbuilding of the body in the cricket field, on the yachting courses, on the grouse moors, the golf links, the football gridiron and the tennis lawn as he does to any mental training which the best col- leges of his country have given him. These outdoor pastimes strengthen the muscle, expand the lungs, quicken the sight and develop one's courage.

So satisfactory has been the test in a portion of Carroll County, Md., of the "post-office on wheels" that the department has decided to ex- tend the system over the whole of the county. As has been told, the idea is that of Edwin Shriver of Westminster, Md., it being an application of the railroad post-office sys- tem. One wagon has been running for some months, and three more are to be added soon. At certain points these delivery wagons will be met by smaller conveyances, which will cover the country between the most divergent points of the four great arteries of the system. Within the next few weeks sixty-three fourth-class post-offices in the county will be closed, and twenty-five star-route contracts will be abrogated. The compensation of these post-masters amounts to \$5,200 per year, and the star-route contractors received \$5,100. Against this aggregate of \$10,300 saved, the new system, as now orga- nized, will cost \$14,500, so that until more post-offices are abolished and star-routes wiped out, the service will cost the government \$4,200 more than it is now paying these postmasters and star-route contractors. But there will be more post-offices closed. The new service will before the end of the year cost far less than is now paid to postmasters and contractors.

IT'S ALL IN THE EYELID.

The Optic Itself Has No More Expression Than Marble.

There are no expressive eyes. The expression of the eye is really in the lid. The eye itself, independent of its surroundings, has no more expression than has a glass marble. A prominent English oculist makes this daring statement, and he defends his position with emphasis. "The eyes have no expression whatever," he says. "How do you explain the fact that the eyes of one person are more expressive than those of another? I am asked. They are not. The difference consists in certain nervous contractions of the lids peculiar to the individual.

"Observe for yourself, and you will see that I am right. We will say that I am greatly interested in something, and my attention is suddenly called from it by an unexpected interruption. My upper eyelid raises itself just a lit- tle, but the eye proper does not change an iota in appearance. If the interrup- tion is but momentary the elevation of the lid may be but momentary. If the surprise caused by an interruption is continued the lid may be raised even a little more, and, in fact, the whole of the forehead, including the eyebrows, is raised and wrinkled. But the eye remains the same.

"When a person is excited much the same emotions are gone through," continued the doctor. "His eyes are open wide, in cases of intense excitement to their greatest extent, but the forehead is not wrinkled and the ball of the eye is as expressive as a bit of glass. No more.

"Observe the face of one who laughs. You will see that the lower eyelid has no muscle of its own, and it is only by the contraction of the adjacent muscles in smiling or laughing that it is made to move. That is why there are many wrinkles about the eyes of merry persons.

"The expression of deep thoughtfulness is produced by the drooping of the upper lid; the lids of some persons fall so low that the pupil of the eye itself is the same. If the meditation is over a subject that worries the thinker the expression is again quite different; the eyelids contract and the eyebrows are lowered and drawn to- gether. This is true of a reflective mood.

"As to emotional moods, there is the expression of anger, for instance. The eyes, instead of closing, are open wider than they are normally, but the brows are closely knit.

"In expressing sadness the entire upper eyelid comes half way down, and the folds of the skin collect there, giving the lid a thick, heavy appearance."